

H. R. H.

PRIVATE AND SELECT.

King Cameron Entertains Young Mr. Guelph—How He Entertains Him.

Sir Richard Vaux and the Other Knights Around the Table—Thornton, Forney, B. H. Brewster, and all the Rest of Them.

What Young Mr. Guelph has to Say—What King Cameron has to Say—What All the Rest of Them have to Say.

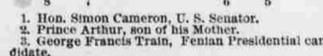
From Our Own Correspondent.

Washington, D. C., January 31. The occasion of the season was the comparatively private but recherche dinner given a few evenings ago to Prince Arthur and a few select notables, by Hon. Simon Cameron, the distinguished Senator from Pennsylvania. It was a memorable occasion for the seventh baby of the prolific Crotcher-Owen of England. It introduced the rollicking son of British royalty to the cultured statesmanship of the United States, and proved to him that, under our beneficent institutions, the humblest child of the Republic may attain dazzling greatness, through the most romantic and extraordinary vicissitudes of life.

As the bill ruthlessly thrust upon the host of the sublime occasion by the caterer is still in dispute, I maliciously decline to state where the entertainment was had. It is enough to know that it was worthy of the union of the blue-eyed Guelphs and the grey-eyed descendants of Lochiel. The bill of fare was as follows, original in French, but I translate it for the benefit of your readers:—

- FIRST COURSE. Three Oysters each—half-shell. Sherry Wine—same bottle. SECOND COURSE. Four Oysters each—fried. Sherry Wine—same bottle. COLD MUTTON—borrowed from previous dinner. Jelly—no wine. FISH COURSE. One bunch Celery—slightly wilted. Sherry Wine. FIFTH COURSE. Rice Pudding—two eggs. Ice Water. SIXTH COURSE. Fruits—Three shillings worth mixed. SEVENTH COURSE. Patent Coffee—relie of war times.

At six o'clock precisely the guests filed into the banquet-room, and seated themselves as shown in the following diagram:—



- 1. Hon. Simon Cameron, U. S. Senator. 2. Prince Arthur, son of His Mother. 3. George Francis Train, Fenian Presidential candidate. 4. John V. Forney, Editor of "my two papers—both Daily." 5. The Hon. Sir Richard Vaux, Ex-M. P., Esq. 6. Benjamin Harris Brewster, Esq. and Expectant Attorney-General. 7. Jenkins—Bohemian of THE EVENING TELEGRAPH. 8. Mr. Thornton, Minister Plenipotentiary. It is needless to describe the interesting operation of mistaking the tempting dinner. Ample justice was done to it, and it was not only a feast of the choicest edibles, but truly a "dinner of reason and glow of soul." After devoting three hours and thirty minutes to satisfying the animal man from the profusion of delicacies under which the table groaned, the cloth was removed, and the tall, imposing form of the venerable Senator rose to its fullest perpendicular majesty, his intellectual face benignant with smiles, and with a force and elegance that could be acquired only by seventy years of culture and refinement, he espied the following sentiment:—

"Our noble guest. The toast was welcomed by the entire company rising to their feet, and touching their lips reverently with their empty wine glasses. The Prince blushed, but after the murmurs of applause died out, he collected himself, and rose to acknowledge the compliment. He said:—

Remarks by Young Mr. Guelph. Distinguished Rulers and Gentlemen (cries of "hear, hear," from the entire company)—It is rise for me to say that I embrace this "lustrous hocus" to greet the great American people ("hear, hear!"), and especially to "honor the Great American War Minister. (Tremendous applause by Cameron.) He gave "order of the day" in the proud history of the blarney and "honorable war" as published in the Times, and "over his lip" it would be prolonged, so that the gallant and heroic "vanguard" of Semmes might roam the seas and build up the commerce of Hindland, he nevertheless bowed in profound homage before the Great War Genius of America. (Opportunities cheer by Cameron.) A life so "obscurely distinguished; so "ung with chaplains; so "united by "angry spectators; so strange, "unusually speaking, in his varied vicissitudes; so hospitable in his scope, sweeping from the primitive Winnebagoes through checked hand variable lines to Senatorial, Cabinet, hand Plenipotentiary "onor, his tribute to American Illustrations that makes me "af' inclined to quote the touching lines of our poet-laureate:—

"Would he were with thee!" (Cheers by Cameron, Forney, and Train. Brewster and Jenkins take an orange peel.) He "ope that our "onored 'old may give us a brief "story of "his life. It 'ould belong to the "story of mankind, and be known to all, so that hither hurchin' hof hoberucy may take courage, and learn the way to greatness. (Cameron, "I'll do it, my boy." Cheers by the company.) His statesman's gift could not but have enemies (Forney, "such is poor, erring nature, owing to original sin"); but I gather "ope and consolation from the fact that you, most "onored Carnot hof the American Rebellion, 'ave gone on from "oner to "oner until the cup of your ambition "as been filled by an admiring constituency, and you can "any time now, with grace hand elegance, ripe in hand lie down to pleasant dreams. (Cameron—"Not here, by a d—d sight—not for Joe.")

Got American "Ero hof "Umant'y! hecept the pledge of my mother and all the children, that for you personally, for your friends, and for your country Hindland and 'er People will cherish sentiments hof "ighest esteem. (Cheers by the company.)

Music.—Guitar solo by Forney—"I would I were a boy again!" There was profound silence as the silver tones of the songster gently faded away into stillness, after which Mr. Cameron rose and said:—

Honored Guests:—I regret that the wine is out. Until recently I had an abundance. While Lauman was a candidate for Marshal, I had plenty, but there have been no liquor merchants candidates recently, and the cellar is empty. I am opposed, solely on the principle of the thing, to paying the exorbitant prices charged here for champagne, and as my last gift was a case of cheap sherry, I have, without hesitation, appropriated an entire bottle for this festive occasion. Now that the bottle is empty, I propose to drink, in clear Potomac waters, to—The Editor of two papers—both Daily.

Colonel Forney rose, with proud and lofty bearing,

sporting a new paper collar, and his side whiskers pointed and branched up in the English style; he was received with tumultuous applause, and Cameron continued the stamping for some time after the others had ceased, for which Forney returned, with swimming eyes, a look of grateful acknowledgment, and a hearty "hear, hear!"

"My Two Papers—Both Daily," said he, "I am the mutator of men's lives. I am next to light, the friend, the champion, the obedient post-literate of the clan Cameron." (Applause by Cameron, with a wink at the Prince.) It had been otherwise, in other days; but the patriot Grant, the dispenser of "ombs and offices, said "Let us have Peace!" and "A" then I have faithfully endeavored to restore peace and good-will to all mankind—in power, especially. True, vice men will alter vile things concerning the best of us. A certain Massachusetts Congressman has, in the wild insanity of his demagogic discord, declared one of my two daily papers could be bought at pleasure to praise or blame; but—*Non homo homini lupus.* And it is charged that I do not adhere dogmatically to error when my reason is convinced, and duty demands that I should commend what I have censured. I plead guilty to inconsistency, if it advances with enlightened progress to be constant. How beautifully the inspired poet has written:—

"Inconstant! are the waters a That fall in showers on hill and plain Then, fired with what they find below, Ride on the subsiding back again."

I have blamed our distinguished host; blamed him, it may be, in bitterness; but have I not taken the sunbeam line back to reconciliation and favor whenever it has its interest to allow me to do so? (Vociferous applause by Cameron, in which Brewster feebly joined.) I was the nominee of my party (note vote), then the Democratic party, for United States Senator in 1857, and should have been elected; I failed, but, nameless benefactor—John Mancer! Wagoner! Ungrateful men! (Audible disapproval by Cameron.) Forgetful that "Ingratitude is treason to mankind," they accepted a price and betrayed—(Here Cameron accidentally smashed his tumbler and in the confusion the remainder of the sentence was lost.)

But, my honored friends, I will not pursue a line of theory paths. (Applause by Cameron.) I repaid the ingratitude of the Democracy by voting the Republican party immediately after I attained power, and in the fulness of time again aspired to the Senate. I should have been elected, and would have been had the thunders of my two papers against selfish and corrupt ambition not been disregarded. (Confusion in the company, and disapprobation manifested in various ways.)

But to return to more cheerful themes. I have done with political ambition; I have seen hundreds of ice descending men covered with garlands, but "I cannot call one single blossom mine."

I was rewarded for my disinterested devotion to non-party policy, by being nominated for the floor of the Senate as a defaulter; but the calm came after the storm—justice followed the poisoned shafts, and one year after the charge was made, and just one year after everybody knew that it was untrue, our noble and generous host vindicated me on the same floor where the charge had been made. (Cheers by Cameron, Brewster, and Train.)

I have in a laudatory manner referred to our noble guest, the Prince of Wales, and to our noble simplicity, and purity of our institutions, and to demonstrate his young and impressive mind how merit only can attain the high honors of a free people. (Enthusiastic applause by company.)

Mr. Cameron then proposed:— Great Britain. The Solemn Thoronet—Short and Sweet. Minister Thornton rose solemnly, and was received with gentle applause. He said:—

Friends:—England expects every man to do his duty. With thanks for your patience in hearing me, I now sit down. (Cheers by the company.)

Mr. Cameron then proposed:— Geo. Francis Train bounced to his feet, as if the lightning had struck him upwards. He said:— George Francis on the Hero of a Thousand Strivings.

Woman! the eagle of the race; the brick of the pile; the ruler of the universe. (Cheers by company.) She rules at home, in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the sick-room, at the cradle, at the funeral, in the city, in the country, in the Far West, in the national capital, in the departments, and in both houses of Congress!

It is a woman that keeps Ireland in chains, (Hisses and groans and upsetting of chairs here out short the remarks of the eloquent Fenian.) The worthy host then, with an eloquent preface, proposed the health of Jenkins.

Few Words by "Our Own." I rose much disconcerted, and after saying that it was my vocation to record and correct the speeches of others rather than to play the part of orator myself, I added that I would close by proposing the following sentiment:—

Our host, company rose, and there was a general jingling of empty glasses through the din of the applause. When quiet was resumed, the venerable Senator rose, with eloquence beaming from every lineament of his classic face, and said:—

King Cameron on his legs in General, and on his own Career in Particular. Friends, Countrymen, and Nobles:—Since the eloquent tributes paid to my noble Prince, our great guest, and my plebeian but not less valued friend Colonel Forney, I cannot resist the inclination to portray some of the beauties of our free institutions by a brief history of my own humble life and its steady progress, over many obstacles, to the full stature of statesmanship. I commenced life when quite young, and had the usual mischievous propensities of boys, while being flogged through the country schools.

My first distinction in life was as a financier. I managed to make myself cashier of the Middlestown Bank, and made the best possible use of the position. Indeed, by a bold and well-nigh original stroke of financial strategy, I attempted to distribute judiciously the surplus fund, which had become embarrassed; but my patriotic purpose was sadly frustrated by the impertinence and contracted views of the courts of my country. In an evil hour they made me refund the money and divide it equally with the stockholders, just as if it all belonged to them. I managed the institution so well that I could often get liberal allowances for legislation, extra services, etc. But even with all the facilities I possessed, making money, the chief corner-stone of statesmanship, was painfully slow. My ambition was to become a statesman, and receive the applause of my countrymen; but as they would elect me only by paying for their votes, and applying to me only as promised them offices, I found it necessary to find some more rapid way of getting money in my purse.

At last a favorable opportunity presented for combining philanthropy and profit in one great enterprise. The Lone Indians of the Winnebago persuasion were entitled to receive a large sum of money from the Government. I applied for the position of Agent to pay them, and got it from my old friend General Jackson. I drew the gold, deposited it in a bank, and took to the romantic haunts of the Winnebagoes its exquisitely engraved but sadly depreciated notes. On my clerical staff were several young and accomplished gentlemen, who had a most patriotic and humane appreciation of the sons of the forest. We soon saw that, while the Indians must be paid because the law required it, it was they really received the less vice would be engendered among them. We paid them in our beautiful notes, and then, having discharged our official duty, we devoted ourselves to improving the condition of the once noble Red Man. We did it in various ways. Not only did we furnish them bountifully, while their money lasted, with beads, winks, whisky, and other delicacies, which, by the merest accident, we happened to have with us, thus improving the moral status of the tribe; but the next year there was a visible and acknowledged physical improvement in the purposes of the Winnebagoes. (Enthusiastic

cheers by the Prince.) We generously remained with the tribe until their money was all exchanged back to us for our articles of merchandise; and then, as they had no money to tempt them to sin, or to tempt had men to defraud them, we left them wiser, and I would find, happier beings. It is true, the Indians, in their pursuit of a vulgar rigipurpose, and one little trick, who troubled me seriously when the Secretary of War kept him out of a general commission, actually have no tendency to investigate the matter, and report to Congress that the Indians had been wronged. I got much blame in the heat of discussion that followed, but I had much game, and bowed complacently to the storm. (Applause by Forney.)

The accident of my devotion to the tariff, to sustain my finances, made me able to make a guerrilla dash in the Senate in 1846, over Judge Woodward. I secretly promised the bolting Democrats, who had secretly promised the bolting Democrats to vote for me, so as not to be partial to either. I was then elected, and became a statesman. (Applause by the company.)

When my fraction of a term expired I found I had won for myself a singular uniformity of appreciation in both parties. Neither of them elected any legislators favorable to my re-election. I bowed sadly to this ignominious result, and, as a railroad contractor and gave contracts to myself and confederates. I thus grew rich while waiting for a chance to buy fresh political honors. The opportunity came in 1855. I had been impartial between the two parties—made a speech for the Democrats the night before the election, and joined an irregular Know-Nothing lodge the next night, when it was certain that they had swept the State. Some men war with fate. I do not. I accept the result of elections—I bow to the will of the people. (Applause by the company.)

The party that the people put in power is my party. Vox populi vox Dei! (Thunders of applause.) I at once became a Know-Nothing candidate for United States Senator. I bought all I could with promises, some ostentatious and distrustful men had to pay down, and many others would not do so. In short, I was defeated, and a committee of investigation was reckless enough to put the records of the Legislature that I was a venal man. Some of them have since gracefully repented, and I gave them comfortable offices.

In 1857 another opportunity offered. The Democrats had three majorities in the Legislature. My magnificent friend, Colonel Forney, became the Democratic nominee. The Republicans could not elect a man of his name, and I, being a Know-Nothing only with a man, like myself, recently engaged to attract several Democratic votes. I entered the fight, consolidated the Republicans, and Lebo, Mancer, and Wagoner came into my camp and elected me. They did it honestly (Forney, note vote, "A—lie"), and I honored them for it. They were persecuted for my sake, and have been made wretched on the face of the earth, but I have ever felt grateful to them, and I hope they will do them justice. Another investigation followed, and again the black blot of venality was, upon the most frivolous pretexts, put on record against me.

In 1859 it was manifest that the Republicans would carry the State and nation. I was suffering for want of a character. My last place of service—in the Democracy—not only refused to recommend me but actually to punish names in characterizing my public and private life. Pennsylvania had no candidate for the Presidency. I entered the field; not seriously, as everybody of sense knew, for I have always carefully avoided seeking office through the glorious uncertainty of elections, but I wanted to get a Presidential certificate of character. I promised wealth to the venal, distinction to the ambitious, and honors to the proud, and I got them, but nevertheless one-third of the convention voted against me, and I had to barter Covode out to McClure for Curtin to get even a rump President nomination. But I was named for President, and thus got a character. I made fair weather with Lincoln; I collected money from my friends and generously contributed it to Senatorial candidates, who would have a vote for the next time. I also collected \$100,000, and took their notes for it. I also collected \$100,000, and took their notes for it. I also collected \$100,000, and took their notes for it. I also collected \$100,000, and took their notes for it.

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Your Highness, it was early in the seventeenth century that my ancestor, a dissenting peer of the realm, became a dock hand of the Mayflower. The self-righteous son of a dissenting peer, it is said, upon that occasion has been the pillar of fire and cloud which has piloted my footsteps through a somewhat eventful life. Pure, pious, self-denying, modest, unassuming, virtuous, truthful, like my illustrious Puritan progenitor; I have endeavored to be, and how far I have succeeded these my friends around you can best testify. (The Prince at this moment turned to his competitors at the table, and was assured by a concerted nod all around that the eminent speaker inadequately expressed his own high merits.)

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my side in the Senate. Thus with the power of two Senators, I have had trouble to hold my own with the administration. Curtin was appointed and confirmed in spite of me, and many offices have been disposed of to strangers to my circle that I had promised to my friends. I am weary of one of having my son placed in the Cabinet, General Grant rigipurpose, and one little trick, who troubled me seriously when the Secretary of War kept him out of a general commission, actually have no tendency to investigate the matter, and report to Congress that the Indians had been wronged. I got much blame in the heat of discussion that followed, but I had much game, and bowed complacently to the storm. (Applause by Forney.)

The accident of my devotion to the tariff, to sustain my finances, made me able to make a guerrilla dash in the Senate in 1846, over Judge Woodward. I secretly promised the bolting Democrats, who had secretly promised the bolting Democrats to vote for me, so as not to be partial to either. I was then elected, and became a statesman. (Applause by the company.)

When my fraction of a term expired I found I had won for myself a singular uniformity of appreciation in both parties. Neither of them elected any legislators favorable to my re-election. I bowed sadly to this ignominious result, and, as a railroad contractor and gave contracts to myself and confederates. I thus grew rich while waiting for a chance to buy fresh political honors. The opportunity came in 1855. I had been impartial between the two parties—made a speech for the Democrats the night before the election, and joined an irregular Know-Nothing lodge the next night, when it was certain that they had swept the State. Some men war with fate. I do not. I accept the result of elections—I bow to the will of the people. (Applause by the company.)

The party that the people put in power is my party. Vox populi vox Dei! (Thunders of applause.) I at once became a Know-Nothing candidate for United States Senator. I bought all I could with promises, some ostentatious and distrustful men had to pay down, and many others would not do so. In short, I was defeated, and a committee of investigation was reckless enough to put the records of the Legislature that I was a venal man. Some of them have since gracefully repented, and I gave them comfortable offices.

In 1857 another opportunity offered. The Democrats had three majorities in the Legislature. My magnificent friend, Colonel Forney, became the Democratic nominee. The Republicans could not elect a man of his name, and I, being a Know-Nothing only with a man, like myself, recently engaged to attract several Democratic votes. I entered the fight, consolidated the Republicans, and Lebo, Mancer, and Wagoner came into my camp and elected me. They did it honestly (Forney, note vote, "A—lie"), and I honored them for it. They were persecuted for my sake, and have been made wretched on the face of the earth, but I have ever felt grateful to them, and I hope they will do them justice. Another investigation followed, and again the black blot of venality was, upon the most frivolous pretexts, put on record against me.

In 1859 it was manifest that the Republicans would carry the State and nation. I was suffering for want of a character. My last place of service—in the Democracy—not only refused to recommend me but actually to punish names in characterizing my public and private life. Pennsylvania had no candidate for the Presidency. I entered the field; not seriously, as everybody of sense knew, for I have always carefully avoided seeking office through the glorious uncertainty of elections, but I wanted to get a Presidential certificate of character. I promised wealth to the venal, distinction to the ambitious, and honors to the proud, and I got them, but nevertheless one-third of the convention voted against me, and I had to barter Covode out to McClure for Curtin to get even a rump President nomination. But I was named for President, and thus got a character. I made fair weather with Lincoln; I collected money from my friends and generously contributed it to Senatorial candidates, who would have a vote for the next time. I also collected \$100,000, and took their notes for it. I also collected \$100,000, and took their notes for it. I also collected \$100,000, and took their notes for it.

When quite a lad, my beloved father marked out for me a career as an office lawyer; no prizes of the forum were to be within my reach; but at an early age I broke these parental shackles and flung myself with such vehemence into the forensic arena that I am simply what I am—no more, no less. The estimation in which I am held by the people of this nation, and especially by those discriminating and judicious citizens of my native city, must be taken as the true measure of my deserts.

Your Highness, it was early in the seventeenth century that my ancestor, a dissenting peer of the realm, became a dock hand of the Mayflower. The self-righteous son of a dissenting peer, it is said, upon that occasion has been the pillar of fire and cloud which has piloted my footsteps through a somewhat eventful life. Pure, pious, self-denying, modest, unassuming, virtuous, truthful, like my illustrious Puritan progenitor; I have endeavored to be, and how far I have succeeded these my friends around you can best testify. (The Prince at this moment turned to his competitors at the table, and was assured by a concerted nod all around that the eminent speaker inadequately expressed his own high merits.)

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